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The never ending road



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Chapter 1 by Mouad Gogh

One day a little boy decided to leave his parents home, nobody knows the reason but this child was never found

Chapter 2 by vobe10



They searched for days, yet despite their efforts he seemed to be lost forever. I struggled with this realization for some time. I couldn't think about what would happen if my only son ran away. I sunk down in my chair at the thought. Those poor parents, they must not know what it's like to have a normal family. I remember the days they found his clothes. No child, just some gross old clothes in the woods. This seemed odd. The clothes looked as if the child took them off willingly, not as if something took them off or even simply ripped them off. I never quite understood why, until now.

Chapter 3 by jueddings



A few weeks later, it happened again. A little girl. Only a year older than the boy. And they found her clothes, not ripped. Plain.

It kept happening. Children, all around the same age, disappearing. Nothing but their clothing found in the woods. Everyone called it weird. No one imagined that they could be dead. V

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Chapter 4 by Sammi Joy Goldman



Adults started fleeing and some tried to prevent having babies out of fear. Professionals have come into town to solve this mystery and every last one failed miserably. What possible explanation could there be when the only clues found are clothes that seem have just been taken off. The only thing different about these clothes is that they are all left somewhere different than the rest. It is almost like a puzzle or a maze.....A maze!!!! Could that be the answer?

Chapter 5 by Hamish Ablett



I took it upon myself to come to the bottom of this mystery.

With a map of the local area in hand, I noted each of the locations where clothes had been found.

It didn't make sense; well, at the time, it certainly didn't. I wasn't thinking straight those nights though, my head too filled with the sounds of sobbing parents. I took to drinking, religiously.

The next part of the story is the part hardest to tell.

Paul Turner was his name, aged 11. He was the son of Dave, an old highschool friend.

You see, Dave didn't fear all this disappearing stuff, said his kid had his head screwed on proper. His stubbornness would've almost brought upon Pauls demise.

I decided to stakeout at Daves house pretty much every night, just to make sure things were all right. Things were going well until about two weeks into it.

I remember the night clearly; the wind had whipped up and the cold that had come with was almost unbearable. Just as I was about to finish my usual stakeout, I notice the backdoor open, and there he was. Paul.

I called out to him, but the wind had carried my voice in the other direction, and so I came up with a better plan to bring this mystery to an end. I got out of the car, fixed my coat and followed

Paul into the woods.

Into the enigma.

Chapter 6 by Neta

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Paul climbed many mountains and hills and trees jumping around. There were weird animals that came out and followed him, and then they left. Had I stood out in the open field for I would have been meat(for a wolf). I walked on the find a village. Next to it was a cave. Paul walked inside and turned round to see me. I acted like him. An evil robot with yellow eyes and stood with all the other children. They wore potato sacks and bags and chanted stuff that only sounded like mumbles to me. That night, they walked out! They ran into the homes and killed all the families, but kept the children's spirits. Then they walked on.

*

A week past, and all the children would do the same. Kill and keep the kids spirits. But then, they walked towards a house and filed inside. There stood in the middle was a witch. A witch that was evil looking and had black nails and pale wrinkled face. She wasn't green, nor did she have a hat or striped socks, but a long black dress with black nails, and gray hair and a wart. She had bottles labeled "Blood of children"and "Human eyes" and "Lizard Tongues" I was dumb found and scared! Then she noticed me. With no potato sack or bag, and no yellow eyes. She looked at me and then gave a deep, dark smile that showed me that I was going to be in trouble at that time, right then. Suddenly, I was moving towards her. I felt dizzy and then, I was on the floor.

Chapter 7 by ԹՄԵՄԱՌԱԴՈՒԺ



I found myself lying on my stomach in a room. My head felt dizzy; my eyes were red from a possible encounter with what it was, a witch perhaps. Was it true, my encounter? Where were the children, Paul, where were they? Where was the queer, strange, & scary woman, who I thought to be witch? The mystery of kid's disappearance & appearance of clothes was giving me a lots of hysterics.....

You're special, very special, I heard. I heard that that I could only stop this all; I was ray of hope for all these crying parents, confused people, & tortured souls.....

Chapter 8 by Brock Thompson



And then I woke up.

No, it wasn't a dream. I woke up in something like that. There was a child standing to the right of me. I tried to make contact him, but I got no response.

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Just the stare.

Wait. How could I see him? How could I see anything? It was dim, but light enough to see by. That wasn't what bothered me. What bothered me was that there was no apparent light source. The light just kind of seemed to be there, not moving or traveling from something. Maybe that woman was a witch.

A door creaked open behind me, then silence.

"He's keeping watch," the witch said.

the end

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